taw your line, and well recollect your regiment, so conspicuous for its uniform."

I wish to say here that Col. McCrady is mistaken as to the Regulars firing at Orr's Rifles. It was the 10th and 5th N. Y. The 12th and 14th Regulars came down in time on our right to take part with us in driving back the 1st and 12th S. C., supported by the 13th, and then returned to their old position, as they had all they could do there. Shortly after the battalions of the 10th and 17th joined our right (four companies in 10th and five companies in 17th).

"I entered into the war Dec. 27, 1860, and surrendered May 10, 1865, and was still suffering from wounds. The aggregate casualties, deaths in battle, disease, and wounded, in this brigade of five regiments during the war was 6,154, of which 1,290 were killed and 1,129 died of disease; total deaths, 2,419. The foregoing does not include those who were discharged for physical disability."

Lieut. Caldwell goes on to give a sad account of how, when the remnant of the brigade was going into battle at Appomattox to be exterminated rather than surrender, they were halted amid an ominous silence and dread. And when the rumor spread that Gen. Lee had surrendered some of them wept and all was gloom, and they felt that their cup was full. Any man with a soul cannot read his account and not feel for them.

Before I resume my narrative I should like to insert a history of the flag of the 1st S. C., as per extract from Col. McCrady's letter:

"We had a stand of very beautiful but too-conspicuous colors—a large blue silk flag with a silver palmetto upon it. The Army of Virginia was gathered about this regiment and flag. It went from Fort Sumter to Richmond, and it is literally true that these colors, now before me, are stained with the best blood of the State, their color-guard, a Pinkney, a Holmes, and a Gregg, with two Rhetts, and others, having fallen under and around it in the first battle in which it was unfurled, Gaines's Mill. Their blood-stains at this moment are clearly visible. These colors are no trophy, but to me a sacred relic. * * * They are soiled and torn and riddled with balls. Our regiment was the first organized regiment in Virginia. They left Charleston April 22, 1861. You may judge, therefore, how I value it. It was planted in the center of the town of Gettysburg. In 1864 it was sent to Richmond, and not again taken into action."

But to continue. The shot and shell now began to fly in rather dangerous proximity, and the rushing sound they made was anything but agreeable music. The men were ordered to lie down, which they did, in an effort to make themselves as diminutive as possible. There was not a man in the line who could complain of being too thin at this particular time. A section (two guns) of Edwards's 3d U. S. Art. of 10-pound Parrotts moved up close to the right of the line and opened in return, but they were

TOO MUCH EXPOSED,

and were withdrawn to their original position on the hill in the rear.

Col. Warren ordered the men of E company to try to pick off the enemy's gunners. As they were armed with Sharp's rifles, their fire appeared to have some effect. The men placed their knapsacks in front, hoping they might be some slight protection from the pieces of flying shell. The solid shot, shell, grape and canister plowed up the ground around them, throwing the dirt and sand into their faces, while shell, bursting in the marshy ditch in the rear, threw the mud 30 feet in the air. A number of the men were wounded, and many had narrow escapes.

Our field officers remained mounted, and a shot went under the belly of one of the horses. A solid shot struck the stock of the rifle of Serg't Chambers, dashing it to pieces, but doing him no injury. About the same time Lieut. Felix Agnus received a severe wound, permanently disabling his right arm, from a piece of shell, and he commenced rolling over like a barrel toward the Regulars back in our rear. The men watched him occasionally with much interest until they saw him get into their lines. Gen. Agnus enlisted in the 5th as a private, and is now the proprietor of the Baltimore *American*. Cady, of Co. K, who once was a slave-owner, but turned to be a Union man, and enlisted in Baltimore, owned a little dog, who amused himself by chasing after the solid shot. Finally he was wounded on the stump of his tail and made fast time off the field.

During this time Edwards's, Kingsbury's, Martin's, and other batteries opened on the enemy's guns and infantry, some of them firing very close over our heads. The shrieks of shell through the air were continuous, but the men kept cool, for they knew there was no recourse but to lie still and obey orders.

The enemy advanced at one time toward our right, but we gave them a vigorous fire by companies, and then by file, which drove them back. They did not seem inclined to advance and begin the long-expected attack at close quarters, but some of them had crept up into the woods on the right, and were picking off the men. Serg't T. B. Parker had received a severe wound; Soden, of E, a mortal wound from a piece of shell; Lieut. Collins had also been struck, and Winslow's arm fell powerless by his side (Winslow is now a prominent lawyer of N. Y.), yet he made a

STRONG EFFORT

to load his piece, but it was out of his power.

The Confederate battery had got us down to such fine range that some of the men thought they ought to charge and take it. But we knew afterwards they would have had to charge through two or three brigades of rebs, and where would they have been?

Col. Warren ordered the command to march by the left flank through the depression in the ground in our rear to a cut in a road that led along at right-angles to the former position. There was not room for the whole regiment to lie in line and keep covered in this cut, so one wing was doubled behind the other. On top of the bank was a worm fence, through which we could watch any movement of the enemy if they came out into the open ground.

The 10th N. Y. were posted in the wood on our left, and a little in advance of us as we then were, but to their left there appears to have been quite an interval, as they could see nothing of the right of Griffin's Brigade in that direction.

Martin's Massachusetts battery of Napoleon guns was posted on the bank to the rear of our new position and were firing over us, who were repeatedly admonished to keep our heads down.

In a little while a column of the enemy were seen marching by the flank in formation of fours through the strip of woods on the other side of the field opposite us (eight companies of the 12th S. C.) that ran along toward the position of the Regulars. But our battery poured their grape and canister into the flank of their column, and they beat a hasty retreat to where they had come from.

Soon after, Lieut.-Col. H. Duryea, in command of the regiment, said that the enemy were coming out of the woods into the open field, where we wanted them. They advanced with trailed arms and loud yells at a double-quick, with the evident intention of capturing Martin's battery, behind us.

The 10th, on our left, in the meantime had commenced firing with their smooth-bore rifles, which carried three buck and one round bullet and were effective at short range. The order was passed along our line: "Let no man fall out to assist the wounded; we will take the field and look after them afterward." Lieut. Cartwright who had previously been wounded through the thigh when a private in the 5th at Big Bethel, and Capt. Bradley, of Co. G, were the first to require assistance. The former had received his

MORTAL WOUND.

We watched through the fence the yelling rebels, fast approaching us, but unaware of our presence, hid as we were in the road, with intense interest, as we knew that in a moment we should meet them in deadly conflict. After they were all well out Lieut.-Col. H. Duryea said:

"Now, men, your time has come. Keep together, and see that you do your duty."

The regiment jumped up as one man, and down went the fence on the bank in front. On account of one wing being doubled behind the other in the road, the order was given for the wing in rear to march double-quick by the flank and form on the other to make one line-of-battle, which was performed in good order in the face of the enemy, who were within about 600 feet, and the order was given to left wheel, which we did in good order. Co. I, on the left, were consequently the nearest to the enemy, and in his zeal Capt. Partridge did not wait, but charged his company on the enemy in advance of the main body. When they got quite close, the Captain ordered his men, who were armed with Sharp's breech-loaders, to pick out their men from right to left, and they poured a murderous fire into the enemy, cutting large gaps in their ranks and making them come to a sudden halt. Our men immediately fell flat on the ground, and hence did not suffer so very much from the return fire.

In the meantime they had loaded. They repeated their tactics, when the enemy closed up and made a charge for them. Capt. Partridge had just given the order to retreat, when Serg't Strachan saw him raise his hand to his side. He jumped for him, but the Captain fell, opening his mouth as if to speak, out of which rushed a stream of blood; he was shot through the heart.

Hannon had seen a Confederate wearing a long beard taking aim at the Captain, but before he could fire at him the fatal bullet had sped on its errand of death. As the Captain fell, Strachan and several others turned instinctively and fired at the Confederate, and he fell dead, as afterward ascertained,

PIERCED BY SEVERAL BALLS.

The Captain's body was afterward taken charge of by Lieut. McConnell and delivered to Quartermaster Thomas. On his person were found some important papers, which were placed in the hands of Col. Warren. May 27, 1894, a few survivors of the 5th N. Y. met at Greenwood and decorated the graves of some 18 members of their regiment lying there, among them Capt. Partridge's tomb was not forgotten, or Capt. Cartwright, Serg't Hopper, and Vincennes. The two latter were among those of our regiment who fell at Big Bethel on the field, June 10, 1861. They were also remembered.

While Co. I was so nobly acting its part the regiment had formed in line-of-battle, and the order rang out to charge with the bayonet, when the men made for the Confederate line at a double-quick to come to close quarters.

The ditch heretofore described as lying behind us in our first position broke our line somewhat, but we quickly formed again under the fire of the enemy, and after delivering a destructive fire the order was given:

"Advance the colors! Advance the colors! Charge!"

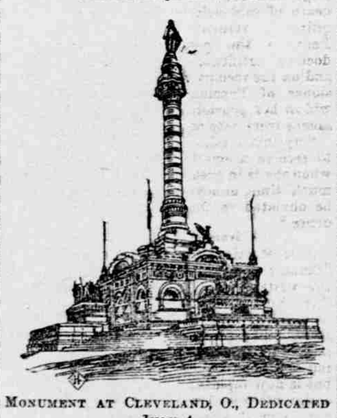
The men rushed forward with a yell, and the enemy appeared to be paralyzed. They had come out of the woods on a charge not to be driven back themselves, but to take that battery (Martin's); but here they were met with a counter-charge. They bravely stood for a moment, but our men not halting or wavering under their fire, and showing that they were determined to bayonet them, the remnant commenced to waver and break, and finally ran for the cover of the woods.

Those of the men who had reserved their fire now delivered a volley at close range with deadly effect. Some of the enemy stood, however, until the 5th were within 30 yards of them, firing steadily and with good aim. They were nearly all shot down, and a part of their right wing had encountered a fire from part of the 10th N. Y., who were in the woods at right angles with our line.

All this happened in a very few minutes. It has been asserted that some of the enemy were bayoneted; I cannot vouch for the statement as a fact, but I know they would have been if they had not fallen back. This regiment was Orr's South Carolina Rifles, and were armed with Enfields. They suffered a loss of 81 killed, 234 wounded, in the latter being included the mortally wounded, and four missing; a total of 319. Only 149 officers and privates were on hand for duty the next morning. Among the losses Col. Marshall mentions, in addition to those mentioned hereafter in Col. Marshall's report, Maj. Livingston, wounded severely in the side; Capts. Norton and Harrison, wounded; Capt. Miller, wounded, and 13 men of his company killed; Capt. Cox, wounded, and 16 men killed; Lieuts. Lattimer and Norris, mortally wounded; Lieuts. Davis, McKay, and Philpot, wounded.

Now, comrades, you will wonder how all this was done, without our regiment receiving the same punishment. In the first place, after we got over the ditch, the ground was a gentle rise, and much of their fire went over heads. Moreover, our two Sharp's rifle companies had the advantage of loading quickly, and the rest of us had a cartridge that required no tearing before loading.

(To be continued.)



MONUMENT AT CLEVELAND, O., DEDICATED JULY 4.

The Black Bear and His Winter Quarters.

[*W. T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.*]

One of the most curious things about the Black Bear (and the grizzly and cinnamon also) is the way he goes into snug Winter quarters when Winter has fairly set in, and lies dormant in his den without either eating or drinking, until the next Spring. This is called hibernation, and during this period the ordinary processes of digestion seem to be entirely suspended. In our semi-tropics bears do not hibernate, but Nature undoubtedly planted this instinct in the brain of the bear of the North to enable him to survive the severe Winter period when the snows lie deep, and all food is so scarce that otherwise he would be in danger of starvation. This period of hibernation is from about the middle of December to the middle of March. It has been stated that if bears have plenty of food they will not hibernate, even in the North, but this is a mistake. I know of at least two instances wherein bears in captivity have "holed up" in December and remained dormant until March, in spite of all temptations of offered food. The natural instinct was so strong that it refused to be overcome by appetite alone.

There is another very curious thing about the hibernation of the Black Bear. His den is usually a hole dug under the roots of either a standing tree or an uprooted tree, but it may be in a hollow tree, a hollow log, or more frequently, a miniature cave in a rocky hillside. Sometimes he makes a bed of leaves and moss for himself, but often he does not. In "holing up" under the roots of a tree he is frequently completely snowed in, and under such a condition, the warmth of his breath keeps the snow melted immediately around him. This moisture freezes on the inside of his den, and presently he is incased in a dome of snow, lined with ice, the hard lining of which ever grows thicker from the frozen moisture of his breath. As a result, he often wakes early in March to find himself a prisoner in a hollow dome of snow and ice, from which he cannot escape for days, and where he is often found self-trapped, and shot without the privilege of even striking a blow at his assailants. And there is where Nature serves poor Bruin a mean trick. I have never seen a bear in such an ice cage of his own building, but Dr. Merriam has, in the Adirondacks, and this information is borrowed from them.

The Only Born King in Europe.

[*St. James Budget.*]

Yesterday Alfonso XIII. of Spain celebrated his eighth birthday, El Nino having come into the world on the 17th of May, 1886. He is the one Sovereign in Europe who is a born King, for his father died six months before his only son saw the light. Moreover, he can claim to be a solitary bachelor among the crowned heads of the Continent. Brief as has been his reign, he has not escaped troubles; for delicate health has more than once threatened to cut short his career, and political anxieties, of which he is happily as yet unconscious, have harassed his devoted mother. The boy, according to all who have come into contact with him, is bright, intelligent, and high-spirited. They tell a story of a dance at St. Sebastian where His Majesty took a great fancy to a partner of his own age, and the young lady innocently offered her cheek for a royal salute. Alfonso, however, proudly stepped back, stretched out his hand for her to kiss, and exclaimed, "I am your King."

Called to the Ministry.

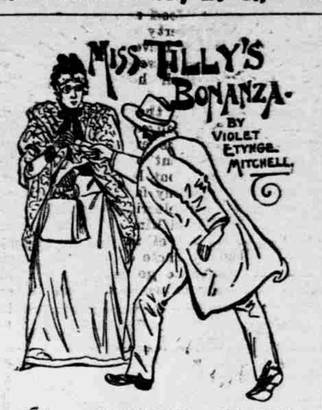
[*Christian Sentinel.*]

Good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher:

"James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"



THE TRAIN bound for Stillington had buzzed through the tunnel, 10 miles north of Yanktown. The passengers had all settled themselves, and arranged their bundles in the racks overhead, when Miss Tilly Pearsall put on her glasses and felt at leisure to survey her fellow-passengers.

Incredible as it may appear to the reader, it was the very first time she had ever taken a journey further from her old home in Yanktown than to Aunt Polly Jenkins', who lived 10 miles away, and who usually drove over for Miss Tilly—staying all night—to return in the cool of the next afternoon with the old lady beside her.

I have called Miss Tilly "old," but, as a matter of fact, she was a little over 50, and exceeding spry and lively.

When Miss Tilly had put on her spectacles she leisurely surveyed her fellow-passengers, most of whom she set down as uninteresting; but her inquiring eyes finally rested on an old man, who was the sole occupant of the seat directly in front of her.

"Seedy" is the adjective that would best have fitted the old gentleman. His hair—unkempt and thin—might have been combed with a rake. His clothes had that woe-begone untidiness which comes to men who grow old without "wimmen folks" to look after them. Miss Tilly took in the whole thing in a glance.

"Poor old fellow!" she mused, taking off her mittens and putting them in a sachel she carried on her arm. "It does make me sick at my stommick to see a man run to seed like that! My!—my! Look at his cloes. Why, there's a big hole in his overcoat at the elbow!"

She half leaned forward; then, remembering that she must be particular as to her acquaintances, restrained the impulse to offer some sympathetic civility.

The old man, unaware of the interest he had awakened, continued to stare out of the car window, offering ample opportunity to the public to see and criticise the hole in the sleeve of his overcoat.

He took off the slouch hat he wore and leaned against the back of the seat. She could see how thin his face was, and the hard lines about his mouth.

"I'll bet he's as cranky as a mule," she muttered; then pulling out a shawl from its neat leather strap, she deftly pushed it behind him, making a comfortable prop for the back of his head.

He turned partly round and saw her. She winced a little as she perceived the quizzical expression of his eye. Then leaning forward with her mouth drawn down into lines of strict propriety, she exclaimed:

"I saw you hed nothin' under your head to keep it from bouncin' about like pop corn over a hot fire—so I jest shoved that shawl under it. You ain't bound to take it," she stammered. The man was glaring at her.

"If you are trying to sell anything—or get anything out of me," he observed snarlingly, "you might as well spare yourself the trouble."

"For the land's sakes!" cried Miss Tilly, her cheeks aflame. "Me sell anything to you? Why, I never sold anything in my hull life but hen's eggs, and they're so skeerce now no one but a fool would think I'd try. And as to getting anything out o' you—you'll jest excuse me to remark that in that matter, jedgin' from your appearance, it would be pretty poor reckin'."

She settled back in her seat, and the old man, with a growl, returned to his former position. The shawl fell in a soft mass at her feet. Presently she picked it up, and after shaking out the dust, folded it and replaced it in its strap.

But, angry as she was, the old man still fascinated her. Miss Tilly was one of those women who are born to be mothers, but turn into aunts. Her heart yearned over this poor, neglected creature, who needed stitches here and there, and who had nearly snapped her head off.

She fell to speculating as to the cause of his anger.

"Mebbe," she soliloquized, "the pore creetur is a leetle off his balance, and not responsible."

Just then the book-fiend stopped beside the man, and thrust his magazines and novels under his nose. He had closed his eyes and was apparently dozing, and took no notice of the intruder.

"'Red as a Rose is She,'—'Murders of the Rue Morgue,'—'A Lovely Philistine!'"—yelled the fiend.

Miss Tilly rose in her seat.

"You pesterin' idjit!" she exclaimed; "can't you see that he's jest havin' a catnap? Mercy sakes! Let him alone!"

The boy stared at her, and shouldering his books, passed on, leaving Miss Tilly leaning back comfortably in her seat, well satisfied to have quenched his ardor.

There was a gentle movement of the gray head on the cushions in front of her, and a pair of quizzical black eyes were turned for a moment in her direction.

"Thank ye!" said the owner of the head. "Much obliged to ye, ma'am."

Miss Tilly smiled, and nodded affably.

"I know how it does rile a body up to have such a yellin' in one's ears when you are tryin' to get a nap," she said.

For a few miles the old man did not stir. Miss Tilly endeavored to divert her mind by wondering who would be at the depot to greet her on her arrival.

"My!—my!" she soliloquized. "Won't they be out in full force! 'Twouldn't surprise me one bit if Uncle Uriah got out o' bed to come. I do wish," she mused, regretfully, "I hed the money to buy the twins a doll apiece. But, my lands! I ain't hed enough to buy me a new pair o' shoes till jest before I come away—and then I hed to buy 'em so cheap I expect they'll squawk like a barn door."

Just then the stranger began to cough violently. It was a nasty, hacking cough, and he became red in the face with the exertion.

Miss Tilly's hand went into her bag, and out came a box of lozenges.

"Here!" she cried, proffering the open box to the choking man. "You jest try one. They're made after Aunt Polly Jenkins' recipe."

He hesitated a moment, looked sharply at her, then accepted the civility tendered to him.

When the cough had ceased he observed:

"You are a most extraordinary woman!"

"Be I?" inquired the nowise insulted lady, placidly. "Well, if wantin' to help a man that is old and pore, and hain't got no one to mend for him, is bein' extraordinary, I dunno but what I be."

She smiled at him, and smoothed back the faded hair more snugly beneath her black bonnet.

"How do you know I've no one to mend for me?" cried the old man with asperity. "And—as to my poverty—who told you I am poor?"

A look of indulgent pity overspread the woman's face as she replied:

"That hole in your overcoat sleeve has been givin' me the fidjicks ever since I sat eyes on you. An' as to your bein' pore, I don't suppose I'm much better off 'n what you be; but pore is pore, an' a man with a hole in his coat big enough for a cat to crawl through ain't likely to be no John Jacob Astor. Now be he?"

"No," replied the man slowly; "he isn't. Where do you get off?" he asked.

"I don't know just where I'll get off," she stammered. "That is—I kalkalate to go on to Stillington, if I meet my folks there. That is"——

Drowned in confusion, she dropped her eyes, then, raising them with a sudden effort, she said more boldly:

"You'll excuse me, sir; I rather guess I've been kind o' pert, talking to you. It seemed to me you was older 'n what you be, an—an—I was sorry for you; but now I look squar' at you—you don't seem feeble—an' I"——

"I'm just 52 years old," remarked the old man, smiling, "52 years—and you are the first honest woman I have met during the last 20 of them."

"For mussy sake!" cried Miss Tilly. "What kind o' company hev you been keepin'. Tain't possible that you've jest escaped from State's prison?"

An expression of amazed incredulity passed over the face of the stranger.

"Have you lived all your life in the country?" he asked.

"Yes, I have," she retorted; "an' I was brought up among honest folks, too."

The man eyed her with profound interest.

"Suppose," he said, "you had a lot of money; what would you do with it?"

Miss Tilly sat for a few moments lost in a brown study, then she glanced at her questioner and asked doubtfully: "How much money? Some folks is rich on a dollar. I dun'no as I could fix my mind on anything onless I knew how much."

"Oh, say a few hundred dollars," replied the old man.

"Why, land o' goodness!" ejaculated the woman; "a body could buy out the hull o' Yanktown with that much, an' it's makin' a fool o' me to ask me such a question. I ain't no more likely to have sich a pile o' cash than"—— she hesitated, then added with conviction, "than you be."

"Well, just make believe," urged the man.

"Wall," she said; "I kalkalate the first thing I'd do would be to buy the twins a doll apiece."

"And then?" he urged.

"I might get an easy-chair for poor Miss Bunnit," she mused.

"Hang Mrs. Bunnit!" he exclaimed. I meant, what would you buy for yourself?

"I dun'no," replied Miss Tilly. "There's jist one thing I would do. I'd buy old Pete from Mister Otis. It's been on my mind now long enough; but the old skinflint won't sell him for less'n $10, an' he might as well ask 50 as 10, for all the chance there'd be o' me payin' it."

"Old Pete!" echoed the man. "Who is old Pete?"

"He's the patientest old horse ever you see!" cried Miss Tilly. "He belongs to Mister Otis, who lives next door to me, an' the way he licks that pore creetur would wear you out. I declare, if I could give Mister Otis one good lickin' for all I have seen that pore old horse stand, I'd jest enjoy it."

"And then," insisted the stranger; "what after that?"

"I declare!" laughed Miss Tilly, "I'm stuck There ain't a blessed thing I could lay my hands on that I need—unless it might be a new bunnit. I suppose," she added doubtfully, "the folks may be a little ashamed of this one; but the hens did lay so pore this year, an' I ain't had much cash for spendin'."

Her eyes rested on the hole in the elbow of his overcoat, now particularly prominent.

"If I really had that money—which is supposin' the biggest lie I could—I know where 15 of them dollars would go."

"Where would they go?" persisted the man.

"Straight into a new overcoat for a pore man that's not 10 mile away," replied Miss Tilly.

"Is that all?" He spoke disappointedly.

"I guess it is," she replied; "an' I wouldn't be particlar about makin' it $15. I dun'no but a new hat would be a sensible thing to put along of it—an' trousers. I guess your folks might be sot up to see you look picked-up a bit."

"I haven't any folks," answered the old man; "and they wouldn't care if I had. What's your name?"

Miss Tilly's head was stretched half out of the window.

"I knew it!" she cried. "Uncle 'Riah's there! Got out o' bed to come! Oh!—you asked me my name—Matilda Pearsall. What d' you want to know for?"

The old man scribbled a few words rapidly on a piece of paper which he took out of his pocket-book. Miss Tilly was half way down the aisle before he succeeded in catching her.

"My! my!" she exclaimed. "To think I never said good-by. You see, I'm so worked up seein' them twins an' Uncle Uriah, that I don't jest know what I'm a-doin'."

She held out a thin hand apologetically.

"Take this," said the man. "It's got my name on it. Take care of it."

He thrust the piece of paper into her open palm, and with a gruff "Good-day, ma'am," disappeared through the door at the other end of the car. Miss Tilly deposited the paper in her reticule and entirely forgot it.

Later on, however, when she was sitting in the trim little parlor in her sister's house, with the twins rummaging through her bag for the promised candy, one of them pulled out the crumpled slip of paper, and triumphantly held it under her nose, inquiring: "What's this, Aunt Tilly?"

Miss Tilly laughed, and handing it to her brother-in-law, told him the story.

"It's the pore old idjit's name, I suppose. You read it, Dan'l. I can't make it out without puttin' on my spectacles."

Daniel unfolded the paper and exclaimed "Gee whiz! My land, Matilda! Hev you any idee what this is?" he inquired.

"Don't tell me it's anything wicked, Dan'l!" she cried.

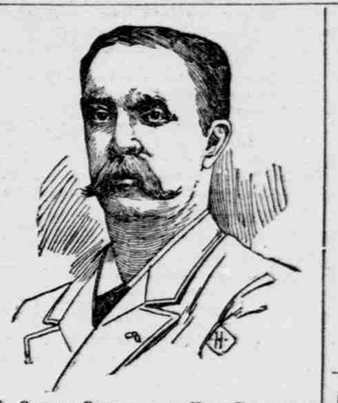
"It's a check for $500!" screamed his wife, looking over her husband's shoulder. "An' it's signed William K. Moore, an' he's the richest man in the County, an' as queer as Dick's hatband."

"It ain't possible," exclaimed Miss Tilly, "that that pore old scarecrow had 10 cents more 'n he needed, let alone givin' away!"

But she believed it next day, when Daniel brought back 500 crisp dollar bills from the bank and threw them in her lap.

"I suppose now you'll be puttin' on airs!" remarked Phœbe Ann.

"I guess not, sister," replied Miss Tilly, putting her cap straight, and looking thoughtful; "but I bet there'll be a pore old horse eatin' his head off in my riverside medder before him and me's 10 weeks' older.—*Storiettes.*



M. CASIMIR-PERIER, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

FROM WOOD TO STEEL.

The Transformation of the Past Decade in Our Navy.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

The return of the Lancaster and the near approach of the Alliance from foreign stations will practically mark the retirement of wooden vessels from the active list of our navy. While there are still two or three wooden vessels in commission, in probably two years' time they will succumb to the inevitable, be condemned and placed on Rotten row to join the noble fleet that has gone before them. In just one decade has this transformation from wood to steel taken place. The last five years has marked the death-knell of the wooden bulwarks of our defense. To old seafaring men, and in fact to all patriotic Americans who feel proud of the achievements of our navy in the past, such a change cannot but bring up feelings of mingled sentiment and regret. Gone are the tall, tapering spars, the snow-white sails, the holy-stoned decks, the double and triple rows of frowning guns, the beautiful lines, and it might be said everything that lent a romantic air to a life on the ocean wave.

In their place what has been substituted? To answer it briefly, floating workshops, full of machinery, that can be navigated without a single man being exposed to the weather. All points of beauty have been sacrificed, no spars and no sails, everything adapted to speed, endurance and powers of offense and defense. On the other hand what has been gained? First and foremost, speed. Who would have thought 10 years ago that in this short lapse of time we would have a vessel in the United States navy that could make nearly 23 knots an hour? At that time we did not have a vessel that could make as much as 12 knots an hour.

Then, compare the offensive power of the modern steel cruisers with that of the old wooden frigate of the past. True, the frigate may have carried five times as many guns, but where would she be in an engagement with a vessel armed with modern steel rifles of probably one-half the caliber of the old smoothbores?

A cruiser like the Columbia could whip a round dozen of the old timers before breakfast and hardly realize that she had been in a fight. Future generations may well look back with pride on the period between 1884 and 1894, or, as it should be called, the reconstruction period of our glorious navy. Looking backward for 10 years, what do we see? A navy, belonging to one of the richest and most progressive nations in the world, which did not contain a single modern and effective vessel nor a single gun that could cope with the guns of an antagonist; a navy that was a laughing-stock abroad and a source of mortification at home; not a shipyard where a battleship could be constructed, nor a forge where an armor plate or gun forging could be made. How different is this in comparison with the present aspect! We have nearly 40 modern steel vessels of all types known to naval science, armed with guns the superior of which does not exist. Compare them, ship for ship, with the vessels of other nations, and we need not feel ashamed of any of them. Some of them have their equals, a few their superiors, but many cannot be equalled by anything that floats. Many criticisms have been made and canards started, but the fact remains that the United States navy of the present day is not excelled, except in point of numbers, by the fleets of any other power. The vessels themselves are not the only fruit of this 10 years of progress. There now exists within our borders a number of ship-building plants that are capable of constructing any type of vessel. Within these yards are hundreds of trained mechanics and skillful designers; there are two immense plants that are producing the heaviest and most impenetrable armor plates that can be made, and gun forgings of any size or description. It can now be truthfully said that we are absolutely independent of any other nation for the design, construction and manipulation of vessels and guns, or any of the devices to be used in modern warfare, and therein lies our surest guarantee of peace and the respect of rival powers.

Queen Victoria's Crown.

Queen Victoria's crown is composed of hoops of gold, inclosing a cap of deep purple, or rather blue velvet, the hoops being completely covered with precious stones, surmounted with a ball covered with small diamonds, and having a Maltese cross of brilliants on the top of it. This cross has in its center a splendid sapphire. The rim of the crown is clustered with brilliants, ornamented with fleur de lis and Maltese crosses equally rich.

In front of the Maltese cross which is in the front of the crown is the celebrated heart-shaped ruby, traditionally said to have been won by the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy, and by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Beneath in the circular rim, is an immense long sapphire. There are many other precious gems—emeralds, rubies, and sapphires—and several small clusters of drop pearls.

Judge Waxem's Proverbs.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

The lobbyist that noas his bizness don't try to bi a Statesman that ain't fer sail.

It's always a good sine when a Congressman begins to look for another job without bein' ast to.

Good Congressmen go to hevven when they di, but ther ain't bin no complaints comin' this way that thar is sich a jam they hav' got to sleep on cots.

A candidate don't hav' to keap no reecord uv his prommises, because his constituants keaps it fer him.

Ef thar is sich a thing ez a sound finanshal pollisy it's mighty quare sumbody hain't run across it sumers.

A man ain't fightin' the hidry-headed monster uv monopperly verry long after he begins to git hidry-hedded himself.

WANTED—ADDRESSES.

WANTED—By Thomas Preston, care of Peter Anderson, Denmark, Curry County, Oregon—The addresses of members of Co. I, 30th Ill., that knew John Smith at Nashville, Tenn., or at Louisville, Ky. 674-2t

WANTED—The addresses of comrades who served with Owen Coleman, late private Co. K, 89th N. Y. Inf. Vols.—By his widow, Ellen Coleman, No. 33½ Vermont St., Cleveland, O.

WANTED—By Geo. E. Lemon, Washington, D. C.—The address of Loremus P. Willison, Administrator of the estate of Elias T. Willison, deceased, Co. F, 5th Ill. Cav., who formerly received mail at Brocton, Ill.; or the names and addresses of children of the soldier.

WANTED—Information of Maggie Brady, daughter of Terrence and Mary Brady, who resided in 1854 or 1855 in New Diggings, Wis., and was married to a soldier during or after the war of the rebellion. Address her brother, Bernard Brady, 3727 Sherman Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. Illinois and Wisconsin papers please copy. 665-tf.